Humphrey. Madame I am but Protector ouer the land,
And when it pleaſe his grace, I will reſigne my charge.
Suffolke. Reſigne it then, for ſince that thou waſt King,
As who is King but thee. The common ſtate
Doth as we ſee, all wholly go to wracke,
And Millions of treaſure hath bene ſpent,
And as for the Regentſhip of *France*,
I ſay *Somerſet* is more worthie then *Yorke*.
Yorke. Ile tell thee *Suffolke* why I am not worthie,
Becauſe I cannot flatter as thou canſt.
War. And yet the worthie deeds that *York* hath done,
Should make him worthie to be honoured here.
Suffolke. Peace headſtrong *Warwicke*.
War. Image of pride, wherefore ſhould I peace?
Suffolke. Becauſe here is a man accuſde of Treaſon,
Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* do cleare himſelfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it pleaſe your grace, this fellow here, hath accuſed his maiſter of high Treaſon, And his words were theſe.
That the Duke of *Yorke* was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your grace was an vſurper.
Yorke. I beſeech your grace let him haue what puniſhment the the law will afford, for his villany.
King. Come hether fellow, didſt thou ſpeake theſe words?
Armour. Ant ſhall pleaſe your Maieſtie, I neuer ſaid any ſuch matter, God is my witneſſe, I am falſly accuſed by this villain (here.
Peter. Tis no matter for that, you did ſay ſo.
Yorke. I beſeech your grace, let him haue the lavv.
Armour. Alaſſe my Lord, hang me if euer I ſpake the words, my accuſer is my prentiſe, & when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vovv vpon his knees that he would be euen with me, I haue good witneſſe of this, and therefore I beſeech your Maieſtie do not caſt avvay an honeſt man for a villaines accuſation.
King. Vncle *Gloſter*, what do you thinke of this?

Humphrey.

Humphrey. The lavv my Lord is this by caſe, it reſts ſuſpitious,
That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or vvrong,
Which ſhall be on the thirtith of this month,
With *Eben* ſtaues, and *Standbags* combatting
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maieſtie.

Exet Humphrey.

Armour. And I accept the Combat vvillingly.
Peter. Alaſſe my Lord, I am not able to fight.
Suffolke. You muſt either fight ſirra or elſe be hangde:
Go take them hence againe to priſon. *Exet* vvith them.

The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Duches of *Gloſter*, a boxe on the eare.

Queene. Giue me my gloue. Why Minion can you not ſee?

She ſtrikes her.

I cry you mercy Madame, I did miſtake,
I did not thinke it had bene you.
Elnor. Did you not proud French-vvoman,
Could *I* come neare your daintie viſſage vvith my nayles,
I de ſet my ten commandments in your face.
King. Be patient gentle Aunt.
It vvas againſt her vvill.
Elnor. Againſt her vvill. Good King ſheele dandle thee,
If thou vvilt alvvaies thus be rulde by her.
But let it reſt. As ſure as *I* do liue,
She ſhall not ſtrike dame *Elnor* vnreuengde.

Exet Elnor.

King. Beleeue me my loue, thou vvart much to blame,
I vvould not for a thouſand pounds of gold,
My noble vncle had bene here in place.

Enter Duke *Humphrey.*

But ſee vvhere he comes, *I* am glad he met her not.
Vncle *Gloſter*, vvhat anſvvere makes your grace
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of *France*,
Whom thinks your grace is meeteſt for to ſend.

Humphrey.

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